

A Note for the Reader

TO THE EDITOR: There is a little Spanish magazine called *El Estudiante Latino Americano*, published at Ann Arbor, of which Prof. Hernandez, one of the Spanish teachers in the university, is editor.

It is published in the interest of the Spanish-American students in the United States and is made up of articles written by them.

Many of these articles are studies of our character and customs, laws and public men.

These studies of us, from the outside and inside, made by these keen young men who are living among us, show such understanding and appreciation of us at our best, that if they had been written in English for our reading we should have accused many of them of flattery.

I send you a very literal translation of one of these articles written by a young Chilean student now in the University of Chicago.

According to my observations made in South American countries, the author strikes at the real reason for the backwardness of South American countries.

J. B. Steere,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

What a Young Man From Chile Sees in America

And How He Applies It to His Own and Other South American Countries

By TANCREDO PINOCHET

instead of following his course to his home was caught in the Christian net which the young fisher-girls held out.

And now the hymn being concluded, one of them spoke to the assembled crowd. She spoke with simple plainness. She spoke of the tortures of the soul gone astray. She spoke of drunkenness and its tragedies, there at the very doors of the saloon, to those who were going to enter and to those who were coming out, and she showed the pathway of redemption, the road to the light.

She put such fervor and conviction in what she said that he who had stopped to hear her did not take himself away until she had concluded her message. Her blue eyes shone with profound feeling in the glitter of the great intermitting sign, *Seipp's Beer on Draught*, and the group of passers-by who detained themselves around this quartet of Christ grew and grew without ceasing. And after this peroration other hymns and others. And afterward a collection to assist in this labor of redemption, and for help in other parts of the city and other days in other countries and on other continents.

It was moving, it was inspiring, the daring with which this quartet of Christ tried to catch in its net every soul which passed. To me especially, having come from a sceptical continent, it gave profound thought.

I was thinking of the effect which these four missionaries would produce, singing in the Avenida de Mayo in Buenos Aires or in the Calle de Ahumada in Santiago de Chile, instead of singing in Cottage Grove Avenue in Chicago, or how they would be received in Rio de Janeiro or in Lima or in Bogota. They would cause ridicule among the multitude, if there was not some irreverent comment about the missionaries on the part of the liberal youth.

For this is the disease of Spanish-America, scepticism; scepticism for everything, scepticism for every work of redemption, for every campaign for betterment, for every crusade for moral elevation.

The leader who makes his first attempt to bring about the betterment of the multitude in our continent is always looked upon with disfavor and most often with abuse. Also they throw stones at him, and they may crucify him also.

This courage, this push, this seriousness, this intensity, this faith with which they carry on a moral campaign in the United States; this disposition to do the work of social good with the same solicitude, the same care, the same skill with which the nurse gives oxygen to the patient who is struggling between life and death, is not understood in our native lands. We are sceptics, sceptics in everything.

Among us the directing, the ruling classes are especially sceptical. They neither take any account of the responsibility they have nor of the easy power they possess. To their scepticism and indifference is owed the opprobrious mortality of thirty to forty per thousand, the shameful illiteracy of forty to eighty per cent,

the drunkenness and the poverty of our southern continent. There is no lack of intelligence in our continent, there is no lack of fruitful soils, there is no lack of coal nor iron nor copper. It only lacks faith and has scepticism over-abundant. In the southern continent we are relatively stagnated, for there scepticism reigns, and here the empress is faith.

There are at present in this country some ten thousand of Latin-American youths who have come here to study so as to return to labor with more efficiency in their respective countries. These youths by natural selection, since you may be sure that the most ambitious, the most zealous, are those who have left their native lands and their homes to complete their studies, constitute the bud and flower of the Spanish-American youth. They are called to be the leaders in their native countries when they return to work there.

Since this magazine is destined for this youth, I am urged to say here that from now on the most important thing for the South American youth who has come to this country, is to struggle against his natural scepticism.

I have described a street scene, which should be familiar to every Spanish-American youth who has been a short time here, but this scene shows only a little fixed point in a general campaign. The same daring, the same courage for attacking evil at the very door of its den, the young observer may notice every day in every city in the most varied activities.

The campaign for the public betterment is something inherent in the North American life. The boy who sells Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps from house to house, the Red Cross nurse who embarks for the front, the volunteer who does all kinds of war work without reward, the farmerettes, the millions of women who are making protective clothing for the soldiers; the voluntary restriction in the consumption of sugar and wheat; the campaign to reduce infant mortality; the settlement; the Boy Scouts; the Camp Fire Girls; the Lone Scouts; the Big Brothers, and hundreds of other similar crusades, are showing the Spanish-American youth as many other examples of faith, of struggle, of confidence, of effort, to fight for the common good. And we ought to be inspired by these examples if we wish to do the work of social redemption in our native lands.

In our lives we should hold high ideals, but ideals are worth nothing if we have not also the courage to fight for them.

Every Spanish-American youth who has come to this country to study, should be, on his return to his home, a social motor which must put into movement the latent forces for good in his native land.

We should learn here to have the courage and the faith of the girl of 20 years, with black bonnet with red band who, in the public street at the very door of the enemy she was fighting, raised her lyre and her voice to fight for her convictions.

Let us cure ourselves, at least those of us who have come here, of the chronic Spanish-American disease, scepticism.

Scenes in Armenia, the Newest of the Republics



(C) G. S., N. Y.

THE newest republic in the world is that of Armenia, though at present it does not seem to be doing the Armenians very much good. These long persecuted people are still the hunted game of the Turks, and the old rule of "extermination" is being steadily applied to them. It is not a one-sided story by any means. The Turks say they have cause for what they do in the business acumen of the Armenians. A street saying of that part of the world is to the effect that one Armenian is the equal of three Jews in bargaining. The Armenians seem to have the ability to recover very quickly from adversity, and usually their recovery is at the expense of their Turkish oppressors. On the other hand, the Armenians have the religious plea; they say that because they are Christians and the Turks Mohammedans, their sufferings are nothing more or less than a persecution on account of their faith. The Armenians have been Christians since the year 285. They came under the rule of the Turks in 1541. During the past 40 years, Armenian revolutions and Turkish massacres have been numerous. The Peace Conference has granted Armenia a chance for its life, but the means to avail itself of the chance has not yet appeared. Turkey remains as always the knot that diplomacy works over in vain. In the photographs are shown the principal street in the new capital at Eriven, and a group of Armenian children that have been saved from starvation by the efforts of the American orphanage in that city. Note the loaves of bread on the stone steps, and the chunks of bread in the children's hands. The woman in the foreground holds a partly eaten bit of bread in her hand. Armenia has proved the most influential element in the world's disgust with the Ottoman.